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M. de Gorostiza, the Mexican minister, who is the author of several very successful dramas in the Spanish language, is now engaged on a work of some importance, which will be published either here or in Paris. The following authentic anecdote of this gentleman, will, I think, be read with interest. On his first mission to Europe, he was entrusted with the negotiation of an important commercial treaty with the Prussian government; when the treaty was concluded, and the contracting parties were about to affix their signatures at Berlin, the Russian minister desired to know what title M. de Gorostiza would have affixed to his name. The latter being at that time styled by his government merely the confidential agent of Mexico, replied, that he had none; "what," said the Baron Bulow, "no title?" Considerable hesitation hereupon ensued, and notwithstanding M. de Gorostiza's observing, that in republican governments no titles were admitted, it was considered highly improper that the seals should be affixed to a treaty in which one of the subscribing parties was an untitled personage. In this state of things, there was some danger of the treaty remaining unexecuted, when fortunately for the embarrassed diplomatist, it was recollected that M. de Gorostiza had held the rank of Colonel in the Mexican army; this smoothed every difficulty, and Colonel de Gorostiza executed an instrument, which to plain Mr. would have been impossible.

In the last number of the Dublin Literary Gazette, it was stated in a communication from Paris, that M. Cottreau, a French physician, had discovered a mode of curing consumption, by the inhalation of chloruret. I find on enquiry, that this has already been attempted with success in this country, and that great benefit is expected to arise from an improved method of administering it. When it is considered that a very large portion of the community fall annually victims to this fatal malady, we cannot but feel delighted at the prospect of a remedy which bids fair to rescue so many persons from its destructive influence. I shall carefully watch the result of some cases now in hand, and communicate it to you, so that you may be able to put the faculty of the Irish capital in possession of the earliest information on the subject.

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

Sir,

As you were so good as to give insertion in your most interesting journal, to the "Hints for the formation of a Society for promoting the Study of Natural History in Dublin," I am induced to hope you will confer the same favor on my present letter.

I am happy to have to inform you, that without any personal applications, above seventy gentlemen have already signed their names as willing to become subscribers, in the books left for that purpose at the Literary Gazette Office, and at Mr. Glennon's, Suffolk-street, and there is no doubt of a great number of names being added, when the intention is more generally known.

A gift has been already made to the intended Society, accompanied by the following letter:

Sir,—Having had the pleasure of reading in the Literary Gazette, an article relative to the establishment of a Museum in Dublin, for the encouragement of the study of Natural History, on a plan therein so satisfactorily described,

I beg to say, that the undertaking appears to me most desirable, and must, in my opinion, encourage every lover of the science to aid in its advancement.

I avail myself of my present visit to this country, to present to the Institution a perfect set of specimens illustrative of the Geology of Cumberland, with a set of Musical stones, known by the name of Clink stones—and I shall be happy, on my next visit from Keswick to show my anxiety to further the object in view, by making any additions I can to the intended Museum.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
ROBERT CRAMPTON.

3, Suffolk-street, March 3d.

Edward Murphy, esq. of Aughnacloy, in entering his name, adds as follows:

"I have carefully collected specimens of the Geology of the Counties of Tyrone, Donegal and Derry, which I shall have great pleasure in presenting to the Society, whenever a place is fitted for their reception."

E. M.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome silver medal, by Mossop, struck on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, from William Brereton, esq. of Borris in Ossory.

Several gentlemen have expressed their intentions of presenting specimens of Natural History, as soon as a place is determined on to commence the Museum in, and there is little doubt, that when entered upon, its success will be as great as can be desired.

When a sufficient number of names are subscribed to warrant its being done, a general meeting will be requested, to consider of the best means of commencing the Society: books still lie for that purpose, at the Literary Gazette Office, D'Olier-street, and at Mr. Glennon's, 3, Suffolk-street.

I remain, Sir, your very obedient Servant,
W.

THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

It is scarcely fair to throw all the malice to which idiomatic blunders and literal translations have from time immemorial doomed the French, *exclusively* upon our vivacious neighbours; and it may be more than suspected, that we owe our security rather to habitual shyness and constitutional silence, than to any particularly felicitous aptitude in discovering the right way of expressing our ideas in a foreign language. A Frenchman once said, "que Messieurs les Anglois avoient un talent merveilleux pour le silence," and certainly in comparison with their own extreme volubility, the often abstracted air, and general taciturnity of the English, must appear to them very remarkable, for while even our well educated young people, who have recently learned both to speak and write French, obstinately refuse, in England, to risk the possibility of a mistake, in order to satisfy the eager inquiry of a foreigner, French ladies and gentlemen seldom hesitate to speak as well as they can, and always good-humouredly join in the laugh which their own comical blunders occasion, and which our want of *savoir vivre* too often exposes.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that to stifle a smile is not always possible; a perfectly amiable and modest French lady of my acquaintance, Mad. de P. convulsed a whole dinner party with laughter, by gravely asking a gentleman near her, if she should help him to some *crim con*! (crimped cod.)

But an Englishman must speak French in France, or, forty years ago, he might have starved; now, he only runs the risk of mistaking *haricots* for stewed mutton cutlets, and getting a pain in his stomach from the indigestible white beans, which are thus designated in the "carte" of the restaurateur—not forty years ago, but something more than fourteen, in that memorable year when *la belle ville de Paris*, was occupied by the allied armies, many of our officers found it extremely difficult to make themselves understood; and it is related of a certain *hungry* Major —, of the — dragoons, that he went to a restaurant in the Palais Royal, in no small doubt *how* to express his wants to the Garçon de Caffé, who stood gazing at him with that indescribable mixture of subservience and impudence in his look, which belongs to his "caste"—"Garçon!" at last said the Major, with a self satisfied air, "Je suis — fameux! Oh oui monsieur," answered the waiter, with a shrug and a sigh, "sans doute tous les officiers Anglais le sont." Pshaw, nonsense, that won't do, I must try again, Garçon? Plait-il monsieur? Garçon J'ai une grosse femme! ha, ha, apparemment que Monsieur aime l'embonpoint! et des petits enfans?—no, no, pas cela, stupid idiot not to understand his own language!" Once more, with the voice of a Stentor, he exclaimed, "Garçon je suis — femme!" this was too much even for the enduring politesse of a French Garçon, who, no longer able to repress his laughter, could only point to the Major's bushy whiskers and well curled moustaches, and vociferate, "Oh pour le coup monsieur la chose n'est pas possible!"

[The foregoing anecdote, which has the singular merit of truth to recommend it, is from the pen of the same fair and distant correspondent to whose thoughtful kindness we have had occasion, more than once, to express our obligations. We need scarcely inform our readers, that what the Major meant to express, in his three unfortunate essays, was 1, Je suis affamé; 2, J'ai grand faim; 3, J'ai faim. The anecdotes of the French emigrés are carefully cherished in petto, and shall appear in due season.]

NEW MUSIC.

"The False Maid," from the poetry of the Magyars, by Doctor Bowring, the music composed by Vincent Mazzocchi, (A. Ellard, Dublin.)

WE congratulate the musical world on the first effort to illustrate by music the delightful effusions of the Hungarian poets, for an acquaintance with whom we are indebted to the work of Doctor Bowring, which we recently noticed.—The composer in the present instance appears to have selected the most simple, from among the many beautiful specimens of poetry which the work in question exhibits, but we trust he may be induced to pursue his exertions in a field so propitious to the exercise of his talents.—The melody of the song under our notice, is at once flowing and graceful, exhibiting as a musical composition, many characteristics of Rossini's style, as well as much of theoretical tact in the composer.—In the second verse, the progression from G major to B flat, and the reversion to the original key, has a novel and pleasing effect; the chorus also, at the conclusion of each stanza, is

striking and effective, displaying a peculiarity quite of the Italian school; the accompaniment is tastefully arranged, and adapted to the capacity of any performer.

THE DRAMA.

THE Tragedy of Werner was repeated on Saturday evening with increased success—too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Macready for redeeming from comparative oblivion, a production which has been too long lost to the stage; and we have no doubt that Werner will continue to rank among those characters which he has rendered peculiarly his own.

It is said Miss Kemble and her father are expected in Dublin very soon; her benefit took place at Covent Garden on the 25th inst.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

AT a meeting held on Thursday, March 25, the Marquis of Downshire was elected a member of this Society; at the meeting of the preceding Thursday, a letter was read from his Lordship recommending the particular attention of the Society to Agriculture, the promotion of which had been a main object of its original institution. We are happy to understand that the Noble Marquis will continue to direct especial regard to this important subject. H. K. G. Morgan, J. W. L. Naper, and G. B. Hickson, esquires, were also elected members, and Mr. M. A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy, was elected an honorary member. In consequence of Mr. Lynch's illness, the lectures in natural philosophy have been suspended.

In conformity with the suggestion of the general selected Committee, and at the desire of Government, it has been resolved to charge for all future courses of lectures. The price of admission to each course in each department will be, to gentlemen 10s. to ladies 5s. Sir C. Giesecke is to commence his lectures on Mineralogy on the 19th April, and Dr. Litton his on Botany, on the 4th of May.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SUNSET ON THE LOWER SHANNON.

(By the Author of the Sonnets on the local Scenery of the South.)

How beautiful the tints of closing even!
The dark blue hills, the crimson glow of heaven,
The shadows purpling o'er the wat'ry scene,
Now streaked with gold—now tinged with tender green;
And yon bright path that burns along the deep,
Ere the sun sinks behind his western steep,
Soft fades the parting glory through the sky,
Commencing with the cool aerial dye;
While every cloud, still kindling in the beam,
In mirrored beauty prints the waveless stream.
Light barques, with dusky sails, scarce seen to glide,
Bend their brown shadows o'er the glowing tide;
And hark! at intervals the sound of oars
Comes, faint from distance, to the silent shores,
Blent with the plaintive cadence of the song
Of boatmen, chanting as they drift along.
But see—the radiant orb now sinks apace—
Gradual and slow, he stoops his glorious face;
And now, but half his swelling disk appears—
And now—how quickly gone! he scarcely rears
One burning point above the mountain's head—
And now, the last expiring beam has fled.

A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

LOVE, TIME, AND BEAUTY.

Beauty, resigned to Cupid's power,
Long lived a captive in his tower;
His rosy chain still held her fast,
But Time's sharp scythe cut thro' at last;
Exulting then, she rose to fly,
When Cupid, most maliciously,
A mirror to her eyes displayed,
Whose welcome sight her steps delayed:
"Now mark," he cried with elfish glee,
"What thou hast paid for liberty."

M. de V.

SONETTO.

Sperando, amor, da te salute invano
Molti anni tristi, e poche ore serene
Vissi di falsa gioia e nuda speme;
Contrario nutrimento al cor non sano:
Per ricovrarmi, e fuor della tua mano
Viver lieto il mio tenar, e fuor di pene;
Or, che tanta dal ciel luce mi vene;
Quant'io posso, da te fuggo lontano:
E fo come augellin, campato il visco,
Che fuggo ratto a i piè nascosti rami,
E sbigottisce del passato risco.
Ben sent'io te che 'ndietro mi richiami;
Ma quel Signor, ch'io lodo e riverisco,
Omnia vuol, che lui solo, e me stesso ami.

DELLA CASA.

TRANSLATION.

Long years, O love! from peace decoyed by thee,
I've vainly spent; but scarce one hour serene;
While false delights, and shadowy hopes to me,
The heart's empisoned nutriment have been;
Safe (tyrant!) now, from thy deceitful arm,
Life's even joy, and tranquil bliss I'll try;
Whilst heaven sheds light, to guard my course from harm,
Far from thy toils and soft domain I'll fly.
Yes! like the bird to thick sequestered bowers
That hies alarmed, from some treacherous snare
Escaping;—so, from thy mistrusted power,
And voice recalling, love! my heart I'll tear;
For heaven my hopes to its celestial goal
Now wafting, claims it, and awakes my soul!

H. Y.

MY HUSBAND'S BIRTH-DAY.

I.
When on the brief and feverish race of life,
My overshadowed spirit sadly broods;
When hope retires from the unequal strife,
And her dark visions moment intrudes.

II.
The imaged past then brings but the regret,
Or that it was, or that it ceased to be;
And o'er the dim and dreaded future yet,
In mercy, hangs the veil of mystery.

III.
Vain thoughts! vain sorrows! what can it avail,
To count and scan the fleet and fitful hours?
What's done—what is to do—alike a tale,
And even the present moment is *not ours*!

IV.
Lasting alone what Time has written here:
These are the annals of his changeable flight,
White hairs, dim eyes, and faces pale with care,
Hearts calm and sad, that once were free and bright.

V.
Say then, my friend, is all indeed a dream?
Is there, as some have thought, no truth but *pain*?
Must hope, our only guide for ever seem,
Still lead us on, and lead us but in vain?

VI.
It is not so! on this thy natal day,
The first and holiest of all days to me,
I chase the demon of despair away,
And give one hour unto the muse and thee.

VII.
To deem existence but a length of years,
To seek not how, but how long life may roll—
To measure seasons by our hopes and fears,
And mete out moments for the human soul.

VIII.
Insane and fatal error! Is the sun
The radiant centre of eternal light,
Made for the dial that it shines upon?
Made but to mark the ages of his flight.

IX.
Man lives by lofty thoughts, and loftier deeds,
Not by the dull progression of his frame:
One glorious moment is all genius needs—
Ages of being for her sons to claim!

X.
Is it for *the alone*, or for mankind,
Thy high designs—thy golden dreams are given?
No! the kind heart, the comprehensive mind
For all, and for all time, were meant by heaven.

XI.
Then deem no longer, that thy life is brief,
Since in its little limit can be wrought,
(Idle our smiles or tears, our joy or grief,)
The mighty works of everlasting thought.

XII.
Within the tiny circle of this day,
Thine own peculiar day, how vast the sum
Of all that thou couldst think, or do, or say!
Compute—and wish those days already come.

XIII.
Be thou prepared to greet them as they shine,
Thy lyre new strung, and fresh inspired thy soul,
Meet them with joy as unalloyed as mine,
And they though swiftly, shall in gladness roll!

PAULINA.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We have received one hundred and eighty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty-three letters this week, all and severally claiming to be inserted, or at least duly noticed in our notices to correspondents. Were we Briareus, with an eagle's quill in every one of our hundred hands, we should shrink from the attempt in despair; wherefore, as we cannot do all, the simpler and less involved way, is to do nothing. Meanwhile, we are happy to inform our anxious public, that we have, by great and unremitting exertions in their behalf, secured two superannuated distillers' mashing keeves, for daily balaam boxes; and the executive of the country, hearing of our distressful case, has, with the promptitude and liberality which always characterise its proceedings, made over to our use several waste horse-barracks, in which to deposit the MS. literary accumulations of our first quarter, this day completed, with a promise of immediate possession of the five-acre king's store at the Custom-house docks, not being at present much encumbered with rum or tobacco, or any other drowsy or infammable materials. A few trains of Commissariat waggons, are likewise ordered to attend, *ad kibum*, for the conveyance of the transmisses to the river, down which they will be floated to their destination in barges provided for the purpose, with drums beating and banners flying, under convoy of the channel fleet, to be commanded by the scavenging commissioners, who have respectively received flags for the great occasion. Our friend Croker, member for the University, and secretary of the Admiralty, who always quotes the Gazette, as the leading Literary Journal of Europe, has directed a new broom to be prepared as the ensign on board the admiral's ship. The curious in naval tactics, "if they be there, and if these things be a care unto them," will see the fleet weigh anchor off Westmorland-bridge, and gliding over the watery-way, stand into dock, at sunrise on *Thursday* morning next, when an immense concourse of spectators is expected to witness this novel and interesting spectacle, (one of the many unexpected results of the late great healing measure,) as well as to renew their subscriptions, as they pass down D'Olier-street, on their return to College and the Squares. The expense of this grand national exhibition is intended to be defrayed by an income-tax, or some other equally popular impost, which will be most cheerfully paid by all true lovers of their country.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The first volume of a Treatise on Optics, containing the Theory of Impolarised Light. By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, A.M. F.R.C.D.—Mr. Macfarlane, who is so favourably known to the public, by his work on Turkey, has just completed a tale entitled *The Armenians*; the scene of which is laid on the banks of the Tophorus. From the Author's residence in these parts, we may hope for characteristic illustrations of Turkish and Armenian life.—A Transcript from a curious MS. discovered under the foundations of the ancient Manor-house at Abbots Leigh, Somerset; to be called the *Royal Book, or Oracles of Dreams*.—The new Number of the Quarterly Review is advertised for the 30th of this month.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dobell's Travels in Kamtschatka, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.—Gertrude, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 2 vols. post 8vo. £1. 1s. boards.—Phillips' Valence the Dreamer, 12mo. 5s. boards.—Descent into Hell, a Poem, 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.—Acaster's Remedies for the Church in Danger, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Stephens' Comments, Vol. XVII. 8vo. 10s. boards.—Brady's Executor's Account Book, 4to. 12s. boards.—Fry's Listener, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. boards.—Merlet's French Grammar, 12mo. 10s. boards.—Synopsis of French Grammar, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Coventry's Revenue of the Church, 8vo. 6s. boards.—Essays on the Lives of Cowper, Newton, and Heber, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Hind's Three Temples, 8vo. 5s. 6d. boards.—Merlehead's Dialogues on Religion, 12mo. 8s. boards.—Bannister's Humane Policy, 8vo. 14s. boards.—Hall on the Sea and Shores of the Realm, royal 8vo. 12s. boards.—Parson's Devil's Walk, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—Walsh's Brazil in 1834 and 1839, 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 14s. cloth.—Bland's Philosophical Problems, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.—Andrew's Sermons on Prayer, 8vo. 9s. boards.—Addison on Females, 8vo. 5s. boards.—Fate on Hysteria, 8vo. 5s. boards.—Conversations on the natural Geography of Europe and Africa, by Mrs. Mathias, 2 vols. 18mo. half-bound, 5s.

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